



THE DALEKS

(and other BBC tv Whorrorrs)

TAKE OVER

not only mass tv audiences but also

THE BRITISH PRESS

BBC-tv's DR WHO series has aroused more press interest than any other similar programme on British television

EXPRESS ORD BEAVERBROOK Moon Rises 1.18 a.m. Sets 12.48 p **Daily-Mirror** **THE LUCKY ONES** **more monsters**

DAILY SKETCH **DALEK FANS! HERE COME THE ANTS** **DALEK'S DAY TODAY! SEE PAGE 10**

LATE EXTRA **50 Daleks to be Won!** **THE PEOPLE** **FRANK FEARLESS FREE**

WONDERFUL Express contest FOR CHILDREN **6ft ANT IS BBC's LATEST TV MONSTER** **DAILY TELEGRAPH TV STAFF THE BBC unveiled yesterday** **Chronicle** **Survivor** **Citizen**

TELEGRAPH **IN..THE WINGED MENOPTERA**



READ ALL ABOUT IT

DAILY MIRROR, Friday, December 11, 1964

BE-WARE EARTH-MEN!

ANTHONY MILES meets the man who dreamed up the latest monsters

ERIE foreboding hangs over the Elizabethan mansion hidden by a clutch of trees in the heart of deepest Kent. Spanish vine creeps over the brickwork like a Quatermass experiment on the loose. The water in the swimming pool has turned a sickly, sinister green.

And from behind the solid oak door of a room off the main staircase muffled cries lose themselves along the panelled corridors:

"We-will-des-troy-you-earth-men" . . .
"We-are-the-mas-ters-now" . . . with an occasional "Take that, you swine," to show that not all is lost.

Terry Nation is at work.
Mr. Nation, an engaging, 34-year-old Welshman, works aloud as he writes the dialogue which brings a chill to the imagination of 9,000,000 TV-viewers every Saturday teatime.

If your kids demand silence for the serial "Dr. Who" and drive-you-bon-kers-talk-ing-like this, then address your complaints to Mr. Nation.

HE is the man who writes "Dr. Who" for BBC-TV and dreamed up the Daleks, the dome-shaped robots who have become the most maniacal menaces to be unleashed on the British public since the Quatermass monster oozed into Westminster Abbey.

Modest

A year ago, Mr. Nation, one of the nicest guys you could imagine, was living in a modest three-roomed flat in Hampstead, London, staring at a typewriter and trying to give himself the creeps.

He had been asked to write a series for children's television—hardly the zenith of literary achievement.

"It was the sort of thing," he recalls, where you take the

money and fly off like a bat out of hell."

He wanted to present "Dr. Who" with a totally evil villain, a sort of Beat generation Big Bad Wolf. So he thought up the Daleks with their mecha-ni-cal voices and their single-minded plan to destroy all earthmen.

Mr. Nation had his own single-minded plan, too—to work flat out for a year so he could afford a big house in the country.

He wrote ten episodes of "The Saint," three 75-minute plays and a film.

But it was the Daleks barging around on BBC-1 who really did the trick.

AS the money cascaded from the monsters' air vents like demented fruit



Between two Daleks . . . Ter-ry Na-tion.

Picture by Mirror Cameraman ARTHUR SIDEY.

This-is-the mas-ter-mind be-hind

THE DALEKS

machines. Mr. Nation and his attractive wife Kate were able to move house within six months.

They bought a 15-roomed Elizabethan mansion near Teynham, Kent, for £15,000—"most of it in hard cash."

Badges

This Christmas the toy-shops are spawning Daleks like mad. There are four-foot high "get-inside" Daleks. A hundred thousand made-in-Hong-Kong Daleks. There are Dalek books, jigsaws, badges, sweets. We are about to be plugged at with a seasonal pop number. "I'm Spending Christmas With a Dalek."

Since Mr. Nation owns the word "Dalek" he'll be spending a very happy Christmas with the Daleks himself.

"I'm very bad at thinking up names," he says. "I took Dalek from the spine of an encyclopedia. I looked up on the shelf and saw one volume marked 'DAL to LEK'."

His new home, dating back to 1599, is ideal Dalek country. Thirty-five acres of overgrown parkland lap the doorsteps. There are secret passages Mr. Nation hasn't even followed up yet.

"I went down a well

in the garden," he said, "and found a network of passages leading off. I'm going to set up an exploration team headed by Spike Milligan."

ARASH choice, perhaps, but Mr. Nation is used to the unpredictable.

As we sat in the panelled sitting-room he talked about life in his own private Dalek-land.

"We are at the end of the electricity and water mains," he said. "It takes a week to fill the swimming pool and if someone in the village uses extra electricity our lights suddenly dim."

Gushed

When the new radiator system was turned on while I was there the hot water gushed out of the bathroom taps instead.

Not that Mr. Nation is complaining. He has achieved his dream-house. Spanish vine, secret passages, an underground chapel in the grounds and all.

HE started out as a travelling salesman for his father, a Cardiff furniture manufacturer. He was a disastrous failure.

What he could do was

make people laugh in pubs.

"You ought to be on the telly," they told him, rolling around the tap-rooms but careful not to spill the pints the funny Mr. Nation had bought them.

So he went to London to be a comedian. His patter was received in stolid silence at auditions.

Scripts

Then one of his best friends told him, "Your material is not bad. It's you who is awful."

So Mr. Nation turned to writing funny scripts, and was soon working for the top comics in the country. He was doing a Tony Hancock series when "Dr. Who" was suggested. Mr. Nation turned it down at first.

"But when the Hancock series ended, total unemployment faced me," he said, not really believing it. "So I took on Dr. Who."

He wrote the first seven episodes in four weeks. After the second episode had been screened the Daleks had conquered millions. Kids were talking like Daleks in school playgrounds. Parents were wondering what had hit them.

One father wrote to say that all the flowers in his garden had been decapitated. He then found his small son

surrounded by the flower-heads, intoning: "I-am-a-Da-lek-and-you-are-my-en-em-ies."

Mr. Nation said: "I'm all right with the kids. I get lots of letters in spidery handwriting saying 'Dr. Who is smashing.' It's the adults who kick up. But when the kids hear that their fathers have written to me, I get follow-up letters saying, 'Don't take any notice of my Dad.'"

THE Daleks are a pretty scary lot, though. One child I know peers at them through the back struts of a chair. Another won't go into the room alone if Dr. Who is on.

But Mr. Nation, who has no children of his own, knows what kids like: "I set out to write a thundering great thriller, the sort of thing I lapped up when I was a boy. You can't write down to kids."

Safety

"They want the lot and, anyway, they like getting the creeps as long as they are watching in the safety of their homes."

As we were talking, the wall lights suddenly dimmed.

"Some damned fool in the village has put on the second bar of his electric fire," said Mr. Nation, with a grin.

Well, he might like to think that was the cause. But as I drove away from the dimly-lit mansion, I could have sworn I saw a Dalek crashing around in the undergrowth. . . .

DALEK FANS! HERE COME THE ANTS

THE beetles are coming! But from outer space—not Liverpool.

For these beetles are giant ant-men, butterfly-men (below), dreaded larvae, and gigantic grubs.

These king-sized insects have been dreamed up as Dr. Who's newest opponents next month.

After the success of the dreaded Daleks, the B.B.C. is creating new horrors.

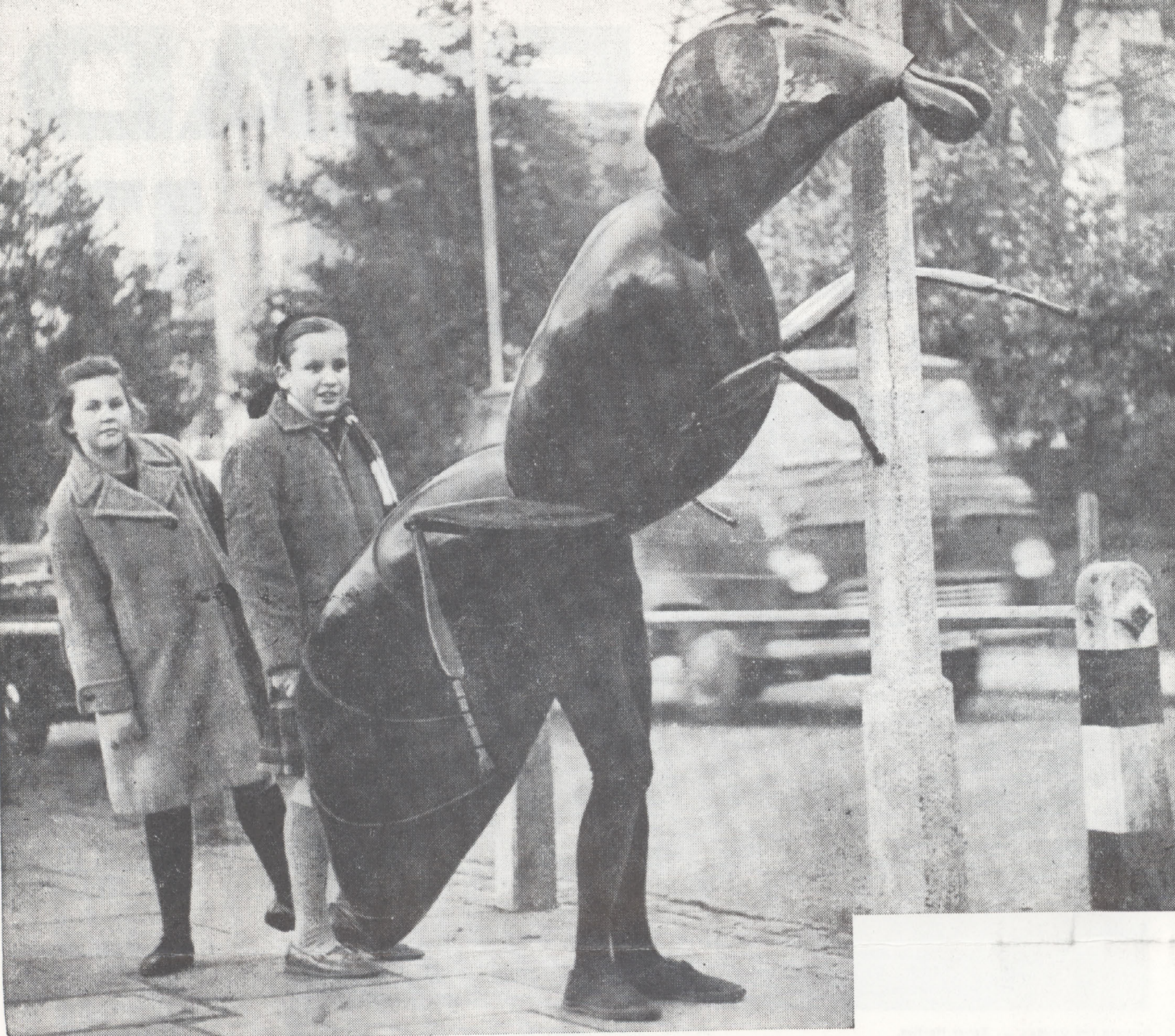
Producer Verity Lambert said: "Parents may find this all scary, but not the children."

The man who makes the monsters, designer John Wood, said: "I get my ideas from an encyclopedia on insect life."



Stranger at the bus-stop—monster ant from 'Dr. Who





After the Daleks the eerie wigs

PICTURE BY MIKE WILSON

A GIANT ant lumbered into the streets of London, W.5—and two children grinned. Which is not what they were supposed to do at all.

For in their attempt to find a really nasty successor to their all-time, smash-hit nasties, the Daleks, the BBC have turned to the insect world. Eerie-wigs, almost.

The ants, known as Zarbies, were being tried out for the new 'Dr. Who' children's series at the

BBC's Ealing studios. The new series writer, Bill Strutton, confessed: "It's hard to improve on something like the Daleks."

The trouble is, no one really knows what frightens children.

They can absorb any amount of blood and beatings—then scream at a clown's face.

A good monster must be horrible and lovable. Like children.

LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF Dr. WHO

Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, Monday, January 18, 1965

TV AND RADIO TOPICS

To be Continued

By L. MARS LAND GANDER

TELEVISION, at the moment, is stretching in two directions. Its world of childish fantasy is growing weirder, while drama gropes towards a synthetic, sometimes infantile reality.

accompany his parents to Spain on holiday because he would miss some instalments.

Pedal-power

Those terrifying robots the Daleks had a bicycle arrangement inside and the occupant, who had to be almost as fit as a spaceman and not more than 5ft 6in to 5ft 8in tall, had to pedal madly backwards and forwards. In one respect the Zarbis are an advance because at least the actor can stand on his own feet, though the ventilating problem is somewhat similar. The Menoptera, I gather, will be more like a flying ballet.

Being a Dalek or a Zarbi is an exhausting, exacting job. It is little use applying to the BBC for enrolment because the small corps is complete and, Miss Lambert says, they are happy in their work.

The actors are, of course, invisible and most of them prefer to remain anonymous, but I can reveal that they include two Australians, Robert Jewell and Kevin Manser.

The grip of "Dr. Who" is well illustrated by a boy of my acquaintance who positively refused to

Dead. but they won't lie down

By DOUGLAS MARLBOROUGH

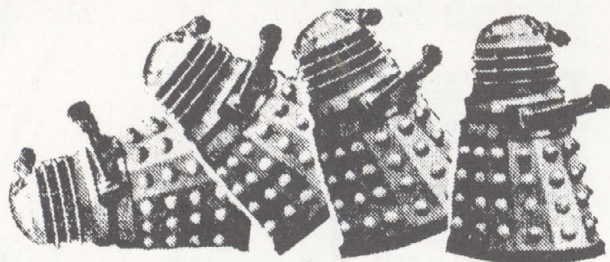
THE B.B.C. has made a New Year resolution: To bring the Daleks back to life again in 1965.

The news will delight millions of children and not a few mothers and fathers who sadly saw those mech-anical-mon-sters in B.B.C. 1's *Dr. Who* science fiction series annihilated in Saturday's show.

Sadly? The B.B.C. could not have done an unkind act than if they had taken my youngest son's Christmas toys away.

He yelled . . . and yelled . . . and yelled . . .

"Where - have - they - gone - dad-dy?" he intoned in perfect Dalek dialect. Viewers, too, must have wondered whether the B.B.C. was going to repeat the big mistake of 1964.



RETURNING IN 1965: THE DREADED DALEKS

The series, which started quietly as a children's show and became a hit with adults, too, suddenly killed off its biggest man-made stars: the five foot, glass-fibre-and-wood Daleks.

The result was that Dalek fans in their thousands besieged the B.B.C. with "bring them back," letters.

Writer Terry Nation, the master-mind-behind the Daleks, said last night: "We were forced to bring them back. I

had no idea they would turn out such a success.

"I took it as a normal job, where you take the money and quickly look round for more work."

Now the B.B.C. has insisted that the Daleks return again in the New Year. But 34-year-old Welshman Mr. Nation would like to see his dreaded monsters killed off for good.

At his 15-room £15,000 Elizabethan mansion near Teynham, Kent, he said: "I don't want to bring them back. They've hit such a level of popularity that nothing they do can be quite as popular again."

Beatles

"The Beatles and pop groups in general have dropped a bit in popularity, and the Daleks seem to have filled the gap. I can't see them hitting this level for much longer."

"But what can one do? I don't want the Daleks back. The B.B.C. does. They've insisted on it."

The Daleks won't return until midsummer—their new story has still to be written.

Terry Nation was almost bitter about them with his last words. "They're amoral—there's no goodness about them. I can't understand why children like them."

But the B.B.C. knows it has one of TV's biggest family successes for years. The Daleks are proving first-class ammunition in the fight with ITV for teatime audiences.

Danger

This Saturday sees the start of a new *Dr. Who* story, with a new star—21-year-old Liverpool actress Maureen O'Brien, who replaces Carole Ann Ford as one of the travellers.

The space travellers led by the doctor (William Hartnell) return to the planet Dido. Of the new story the B.B.C. says: "Remembering that the inhabitants were friendly, the doctor and his crew are astonished when they find their lives endangered. . . ."

In *Dr. Who* tradition, it sounds full of excitement.

But for 9,000,000-plus viewers 1965 will really be exciting when those monsters are unleashed on the screen again. . . .

"We - will - des-troy - you - earth - men."

In the GRIP of a VOORD!

Dr Who girl bites more than she can chew

DON'T look now but there's a Voord close behind you.

A what? A VOORD. Well if it comes any closer I'll bite. What does it taste like?

Hard to say. This is my first Voord.

Eels? Snails? No? Frogs, then?

You're getting warm.

Frogmen? Warmer.

Rubber? That's it. The Voords are all rubber.

They bounce across B.B.C. TV screens today in the first episode of a new DR. WHO space series — and could rival its dreaded Daleks.

The Voords are a menace to flesh-and-blood creatures like Carole Ann Ford.

So when a Voord gets his claws on a girl there's one down-to-earth thing she can do. Bite.

Does it work? Ask Peter Stenson, the actor with flappers on his feet and a triangle on his head. He's in there, somewhere.

And judging by what this well-dressed Voord is wearing they are really way out in outer space.

DAILY MAIL



THE TASTE OF ADVENTURE

PICTURE BY EDWIN SAMPSON

6ft ANT IS BBC's LATEST TV MONSTER

DAILY TELEGRAPH TV STAFF THE BBC unveiled yesterday its latest monsters. They are Zarbis, giant fibre glass ants, six feet tall, which will make their television debut on Feb. 13 in the new Dr. Who series, "The Web Planet."

Mr. Bill Strutton, who wrote the series, said yesterday that the



The Zarbis, new ant-like monsters for BBC TV's "Dr Who" series.

monsters would have a different sinister quality to the Daleks, which had been so popular with children in previous serials. They would not be so horrifying but perhaps a little frightening.

Unlike the Daleks, they will not speak. They communicate through high-pitched chirpings rather like crickets.

THE LUCKY ONES

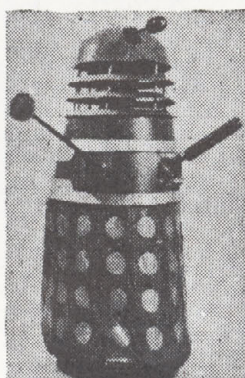
Fifty winning children in the Express Dalek-for-a-Christmas contest are



and D DALEKS DAY TODAY!

SEE PAGE 10

50 Daleks to be Won!



A WONDERFUL Express contest FOR CHILDREN—in good time for Christmas.

And the prizes are 50 DALEKS—

Here come the Daleks, film heroes (or are they villains?) made of metal

By MICHAEL WALE

DALEKS, the faceless-wonder robots from BBC Television's 'Doctor Who,' are to star in a film. The film, also starring Peter Cushing and Roy Castle, will be made for £150,000 at Shepperton.

This is yet another success for the programme, which started quietly as a children's series and became a big hit with adults, too.

The BBC had to repeat the first episode under pressure of thousands of requests from viewers who had missed it.

And that was how Milton Subotsky, the film's producer, first saw the programme.

He explained last night: "Everyone I met was talking about 'Dr. Who.'"

Immediately I saw it I started negotiating for the film rights.

"We're going to make it an adult story. A science fiction comedy. But we'll make sure it gets a U certificate."

You've never seen a Dalek? For the record, they are four-foot-plus metal robots from another planet. They have no faces and are guided by two arm-like projections.

SHORTLY After 5.40 this evening a week of almost unbearable tension will come to an end.

At that time the B.B.C. TV adventure serial *Dr. Who* comes on the air. And as some ten million viewers can tell you, the dreaded Daleks are back and about to reveal their future plans.

At the end of last week's episode a single specimen of this radioactive race of what appear to be malevolent pepper-pots rose from the Thames and waved its antennae at the terror-stricken audience. Then the credit titles rolled.

At once a howl of anguish went up all over Britain and the B.B.C. switchboard was jammed with more than 400 calls.

Angry viewers protested that the Dalek's appearance was far too brief; that children who had waited months for another sign of the monsters were weeping and refusing to go to bed.

And not only children, for *Dr. Who's* massive audience includes millions of adults.

Youngest

The operation of the Daleks—they were killed off earlier this year but brought back by public demand—is conducted by a remarkably attractive young woman called Verity Lambert who, at 28, is not only the youngest but the only female drama producer in B.B.C. TV.

She arrived at the Corporation via Roodean, the Sor-

Behind every Dalek there's this woman

by

JOHN SANDILANDS



VERITY LAMBERT NO 'TALKING DOWN' IN SCRIPTS

bonne University, and a spell in New York as personal assistant to David Susskind, the producer and commentator who is one of the top figures in American TV.

Dr. Who was her first producing assignment a year ago, and with this background she has insisted on a high standard of professionalism for the serial.

"I have strong views on the level of intelligence we should be aiming at," she told me briskly. "*Dr. Who* goes out at a time when there is a large child audience but it is intended more as a story for the whole family."

Briefed

"And anyway children today are very sophisticated and I don't allow scripts which seem to talk down to them."

Nine well-established script-writers have contributed to *Dr. Who* in the past twelve months and they are closely briefed on the requirements of the doctor and his invaluable machine.

Story editor Dennis Spooner, who has written many episodes himself, told me: "Writers have to be divided into those who can cope with trips back into the past and those who can write adventures set in the future. Very few can do both."

"The futuristic stories ought to be easier because the scope is endless but we have to set some limits to remain mildly plausible and we have found that many writers are completely lost with science-fiction."

While the programme is running—and it has had only one six-week spell off the air—the cast start rehearsals for

each week's episode every Monday morning in an outside rehearsal room and remain hard at it until the following Friday.

On Friday mornings they move into the studios at the Television Centre or the B.B.C.'s riverside studios at Hammersmith and from 10.30 a.m. rehearse with cameras and the full, impressive range of props that appear in *Dr. Who*.

From 8.30 in the evening the programme is recorded and the cast are permitted the weekend off before starting all over again on the following Monday morning.

Pre-recording has permitted the regulars in the series—William Hartnell, who plays the doctor, William Russell, Jacqueline Hill and Carol Ann Ford—a five-week holiday which is just ending.

When they return on Monday—with the exception of Carol Ann Ford, whose place in the team is being taken by a newcomer called Maureen O'Brien—they will start working non-stop for 26 weeks on programmes that will be shown in the New Year.

Shapely

These ugly anti-social fugitives from an overgrown cruet may well have met their match in Miss Lambert.

Tall, dark and shapely, she became positively forbidding when I suggested that the Daleks might one day take over *Dr. Who*.

"I feel in no way obligated to bring them back for a third time even if this present story is a tremendous success," she said with a noticeable chill.

It was reassuring to know that there is someone who is prepared to stand up to the devils.

DAILY MAIL

8 SUNDAY CITIZEN DECEMBER 13 1964

PAUL DONCASTER

EVEN THE BLACK SHADOW IS WANTING A DALEK

AS I stood wondering what to do next in Christmas - bustling Northampton the other day, a mighty thought passed through my mind. We may have a frightening trade gap, but, by God, we CAN sell Daleks!

Daleks, as if any red-blooded kid would let us forget it, are the sinister space robots who have just invaded London in BBC TV's science fiction serial, *Dr. Who*.

And I had just met a Northampton toy firm sales director called Anne Wright who believes that Daleks will grow into an

industry as big as the Beatles.

Mind you, Mrs. Wright is biased. She happens to sell Daleks. But it is difficult to escape them. Full-size working Daleks, Dalek books, Dalek brooches, jigsaws. A pop disc called I'm Gonna Spend My Christmas with a Dalek.

I've even seen kids chalking Daleks on walls where they once wrote rude words.

When Mrs. Wright's company got the rights,

from the BBC, to make a full-size Dalek toy, they didn't realise what they were starting.

"Then we made our first prototype," she said. "We took it out into the streets near the factory to test. It was just like the Pled Piper. The kids flocked."

The women who assemble the Dalek toys (4ft. 6in. high and a child can get inside and operate them) are mostly housewives.

"It's a big status-symbol

among the children in this town—to say 'My mum makes Daleks,' said Mrs. Wright.

Their Daleks are a sell-out. No more until well after Christmas. And 5,000 children who have written in, from Peter Willis of Leeds to The Black Shadow of St. Austell, Cornwall,

are getting a letter from Mrs. Wright explaining the situation.

In South Wales, two of the Northampton Daleks are teaching road safety to school children.

Meanwhile, export inquiries from Australia—where *Dr. Who* is also shown. And from Kenya, which is a bit mystifying.

Says Mrs. Wright, who has sold woollen jumpers, Volkswagens in West Africa, and done social work in Hong Kong: "We'll keep it going. Next year it's inflatable, floating Daleks for the beach."

No wonder Northampton's children call that statue of Charles Bradlaugh in Abingdon Square, *Dr. Who*!

We are the Daleks . . . and one of us is also Captain Pugwash, the Woodentops, and Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men



Peter Hawkins, the voice of them all:

He has also spoken for such figures as Bill and Ben, Captain Pugwash, and the Woodentops, as well as the Daleks

Gerald Taylor:

Daleks and West End musicals

Robert Jewell:

Daleks and TV commercials

They've met their masters

by JOHN SANDILANDS

FOR six weeks they sat inside a sort of space-age pillar box pedalling like mad, waving their antennae, rolling their electronic eyes and flashing their lights.

Now, more than a little leg-weary and several pounds lighter in weight, the Dalek operators are back to earth.

For, as any schoolboy knows, inside every Dalek is an actor waiting to get out and return to more orthodox dramatic parts.

Yesterday, however, Dalek Peter Murphy was at home in Richmond baking his Christmas cake.

"I'm resting at the moment," he said, "but it's quite pleasant. Being a Dalek is hard work.

"It's very hot inside under the studio lights and you can't wear more than a T-shirt and lightweight slacks.

"You have to pedal a machine like a child's tricycle and work four gadgets at the same time in a tiny space.

WHY

CARE IS NEEDED

"It takes a long time to master a Dalek and even then they have a tendency to skid.

"On top of that," he added, "you have to learn every line of the script.

"A move in the wrong direction could be disastrous and you have to synchronise the Dalek's pre-recorded voice with the light on its head that flashes while it speaks."

Another hazard, according to Murphy, is that the operator can look out only through

a visor at the top of the 5ft. monster and can't see small objects directly ahead or at its feet.

When he had to pedal down a ramp on leaving the space ship, in one episode, he narrowly avoided running over one of the Dalek's human victims who was lying in his path.

HOW

VOICES ARE MADE

One of the Dalek's voices, oddly enough, had just completed an English lesson for foreigners in the B.B.C.'s overseas service.

He is Peter Hawkins, who has also been the voices of such famous figures as Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men, Captain Pugwash and assorted characters in the Woodentops.

"I have spoken for as many as four Daleks in one scene," he said. "It's a pretty odd feeling talking to yourself in that peculiar voice."

It was Hawkins who helped to invent the sound by recording staccato uninflected speech which was then fed into a distorting device.

Another Dalek, Gerald Taylor, was waiting to go on at the Cambridge Theatre in the musical *Little Me*.

And Dalek Ken Tyllsen was waiting to hear about an acting part in which the audience would actually see his face.

Robert Jewell, who is that rarity, an Australian Dalek, had just completed a television commercial.

"One of the main qualifications for being a Dalek is that you shouldn't be taller than 5ft. 6in.," he said, "but the prestige is tremendous.

"People are fascinated when they hear you are one of them. And certainly my two kids would be far less impressed if I'd been playing something like King Lear at the Old Vic."

Now here's the MINI DALEK

OPERATION Mini-Dalek has been a minute-by-minute rush to a deadline that would make a spacecraft man tremble.

It started when the Swansea firm that wanted to make the small Daleks decided to go into production. From photographs, sketches, and hours of watching *Dr. Who*, the men in the model room brought out a Dalek figure.

Artists put the finishing touches to the package. And both were rushed to London for approval by 52-year-old Mr. Walter Tuckwell, who handles the merchandising of B.B.C. characters and dozens of famous Disney figures.

His room is lined with Noddys, Popeyes, Flowerpot Men and small Z-Cars.

Back in Swansea, the firm that had brought out the Yo-Yo, which swept the world in 1932, decided its already crowded production line turning out plastic toys, trains and battery-operated motors could not handle the Daleks.

Fantastic

So the model was sent by plane to the firm's new five-floor factory in Hongkong, and hundreds of Chinese went to work on the 6in. high Mini-Daleks, which cost 15s. 11d. and are complete with the required flashing lights and waving antennae.

Said Mr. Alan Morris, the firm's spokesman: "Sales have been fantastic. By showing a photograph only we sold out our first batch of Daleks before they had even arrived in this country.

"A new shipload has just arrived and we are working flat out trying to distribute them. People have gone Dalek mad."

On the production lines, too, are plastic-moulded money boxes in the form of the Magic Telephone Booth; Dalek badges and cigarette sweets.

Will there be a clash of Daleks? Back to Mr. Tuckwell. "Never," he said. "This is our job. We sell licences after only extremely careful consideration of the market."

DESMOND ZWAR.

And here's the DALEK DISC

AMONG the Christmas novelty discs *I'm Gonna Spend Christmas With a Dalek* is about the best.

The song, composed by Johnny Worth, opens with the same atmospheric bleep-bleep used by the B.B.C. at the start of each *Dr. Who* episode—and an out-of-space voice croaks out the message: "I bring greetings from all the Daleks."

Endearing

Then a new Newcastle group called the Go-Go's put on their most endearing "baby" voices and deliver the following:

I'm gonna spend my Christmas with a Dalek,

And hang him underneath the mistletoe,

And if he's very nice,

I'll feed him sugar spice,

And hang a Christmas stocking from his big left toe.

And when we both get up on Christmas morning,

I'll kiss him on his chromium-plated head,

And take him in to say Hi to Mum

And frighten Daddy underneath his bed.

Catchy

The kids will go for it in a big way, and the tune is catchy enough to keep the grown-ups' feet tapping.

The Go-Go's, whose first record this is, are a semi-professional group.

Mike Johnson, 19, is a van-driver, Alan Cairns and Abe Harris, both 20, are miners, Bill Davison, 22, is a woodwork teacher in a school for handicapped children, Les McLeian, 19, is a sales assistant in a music shop, and 17-year-old Sue Smith works in a tailor's shop.

CLIVE HIRSCHHORN

But where's that INVISIBLE DALEK?

THERE wasn't a Dalek in sight in London's largest toy-shop today. Another triumph for *Dr. Who*, you may think, but it's not so.

A 5ft. Dalek is the one thing that thousands of children want to see at the foot of their beds on Christmas morning but they are in woefully short supply.

Even at £8 15s. 6d. apiece the replicas of the space creatures from the B.B.C. TV adventure serial have been selling like something out of science fiction.

The head buyer of Hamleys, in Regent-street, told me: "Within days of the start of a new Dalek story in the *Dr. Who* serial three weeks ago our whole stock was sold.

"Some parents were buying two at a time and if I had hundreds more they would still sell."

Poured in

But Scorpion and Automotives, the Northampton firm who are licensed by the B.B.C. to make the toy, can't keep up with the demand.

Sales director Mrs. K. Anne Wright said: "Orders have poured in from all over the country but we can't guarantee new deliveries before Christmas.

"We have sent out photographs of Daleks to be used as gift vouchers because it seems that many children are prepared to wait until the New Year."

The model now in production, said Mrs. Wright, is the Dalek Mark II.

"First we had the Daleks on wheels. But we don't any more. They move by one-child-power. If the child should fall over there is no danger. The dome automatically falls off and they cannot be trapped."

How many Daleks have they produced to lumber about the country? "I'm sorry," said Mrs. Wright. "That's a secret."

But here's one clue: Already the Northampton factory has had 5,000 letters from children pleading for a Dalek. And on Saturdays they clamour at the gates asking to be allowed in to play with them.



Peter Murphy:
It's hard work



Ken Tyllsen:
He's waiting

TEAM WAS ORDERED MAKE THEM EVEN WEIRDER THAN THE DALEKS

ZARBIES...THE NEW MONSTERS

IN DR WHO'S LIFE

MEET the latest in a long line of Things in Outer Space — giant, nightmare ants called Zarbies, and huge butterflies Menoptera.

"Dr. Who" fans, more than nine million of them, have to wait a month before seeing Zarbies in action in a new Saturday evening chiller episode "The Web Planet." But here, from a BBC studio in, of all places, Ealing, is a preview of the journey into fear.

BBC chiefs, thrilled by the way the Daleks drew viewers, wanted a fresh family of monsters to carry on the good-bad work. Writer Bill Strutton and designer John Wood were ordered to produce more monsters.

Strutton, aged 46, said: "I had to come up with something different from the robot-style Daleks. Browsing through an encyclopædia, I thought of the giant ants and butterflies.

By
SHAUN USHER
Sketch TV Reporter

SPINE-CRAWLER

"Then my wife stepped in with the 'Zarbie' name. It's got a nice menacing sound. The Menoptera are gentler creatures, slaves of the Zarbies, and I thought a butterfly was the most civilised insect."

They follow past monsters like the Sensorites, who couldn't stand noise or darkness, and the Koquillion, into the entertainment business.

Next month's story has Dr. Who (William Hartnell) landing on a new planet with all the science fiction mod. cons. — acid pools, huge grubs which spit death, the vicious Zarbies and the timid Menoptera.

"It should be a real spine-crawler," reports Strutton, with satisfaction.

KEEN FAN

Designer John Wood created the Zarbies from fibre glass, leather and perspex. The prototype version of the kit, which turns sweating actors into human lobsters, cost £300.

Mr. Wood, married with two young sons, is one of a team of BBC specialists who will create anything from a space ship to a 17th century castle, complete with moat.

"This is an exciting and stimulating assignment," he said. "The only limits in science fiction are those of ingenuity."

He tries out some new ideas on his family, but schoolboy David has not yet seen the Zarbies.

"He was a bit upset by the Daleks," said Mr. Wood. "But his brother Damon is a keen fan."

"David is a bit happier

now because I took both lads to see Daleks being made. Once they touched them and realised they were just ordinary materials like hardboard and plastic they lost their awe."

HARD WORK...

Mr. Wood, like most of the team, has a down-to-earth belief that adults who gatecrash the show probably take the whole thing more seriously than children.

One Zarbie-man, 21-year-old Jack Pitt, sees the practical side of being a monster and not making friends. "It's hard work," he told me last night, "but it pays the rent."



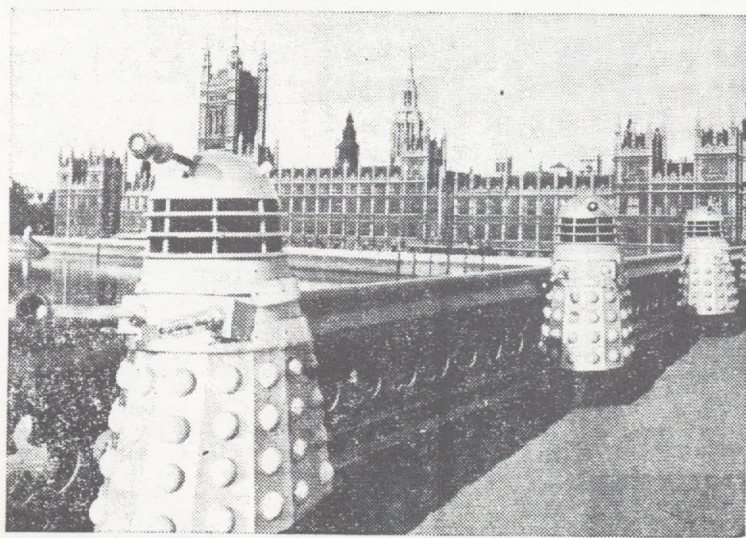
Menoptera . . . slaves to the Zarbies.



Beware! The Zarbies are on the prowl. And that lethal-looking object with them is their deadly weapon—a venom gun.

DAILY SKETCH, Wednesday, January 6, 1965

THE MONSTERS WE HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH...



The Daleks . . . on patrol near Parliament.



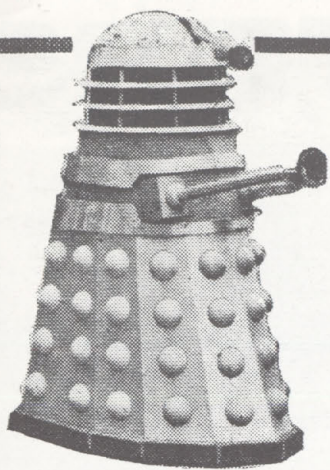
Koquillion . . . in a cosy mood.



Voords . . . frightening frogmen.



Sensorites . . . couldn't stand noise or the dark.



OUT..THE DALEK

One of the robots that threatened Earth . . . but were destroyed by Dr. Who.

After those Daleks, more monsters on Saturday afternoon

By CLIFFORD DAVIS

STAND by for the dreaded Zarbis! The BBC have a batch of fearsome new monsters all lined up to launch against TV's "Dr. Who" next month.

The Zarbis, successors to the Daleks, inhabit the mysterious planet Vortis, a land of bubbling acid pools and mists, on which Dr. Who and Co. will be landing on Saturday, February 13.

So far, there are only eight Zarbis. But trick photography will make them look like eighty on the TV screen.

Eight actors will put on the Zarbis' bodies and manipulate their feelers with their hands.

The Zarbis stand eight feet tall and—as you can see from the picture on the right—look like giant ants. They are definitely NOT

friendly. Unlike the Daleks, the Zarbis can't speak—only chirrup. And for firepower they bring up a gigantic woodlouse—their terrifying "gun."

But it's not all bad news for Dr. Who (actor William Hartnell) and his friends Ian (William Russell), Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) and Vicki (Maureen O'Brien).

Producer Verity Lorimer is also peopling her make-believe planet with another, friendlier monster—the Menoptera, a winged insect with a furry body.

The Menopteras have a high IQ—and what's more they can communicate with human beings.

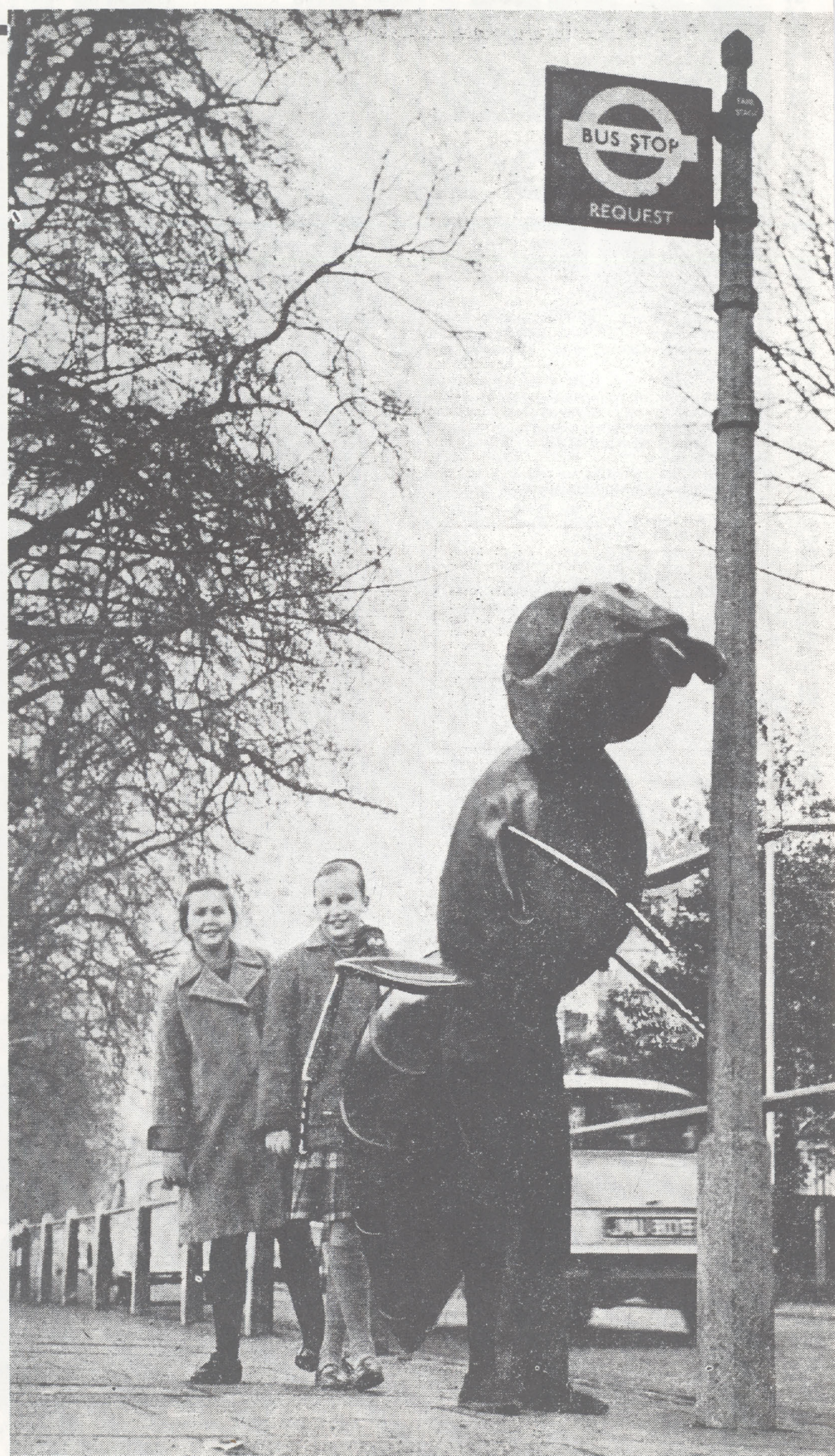
Will Dr. Who win through? See the first instalment on February 13!



"Forget the death rays—run and ask mum for the insecticide."

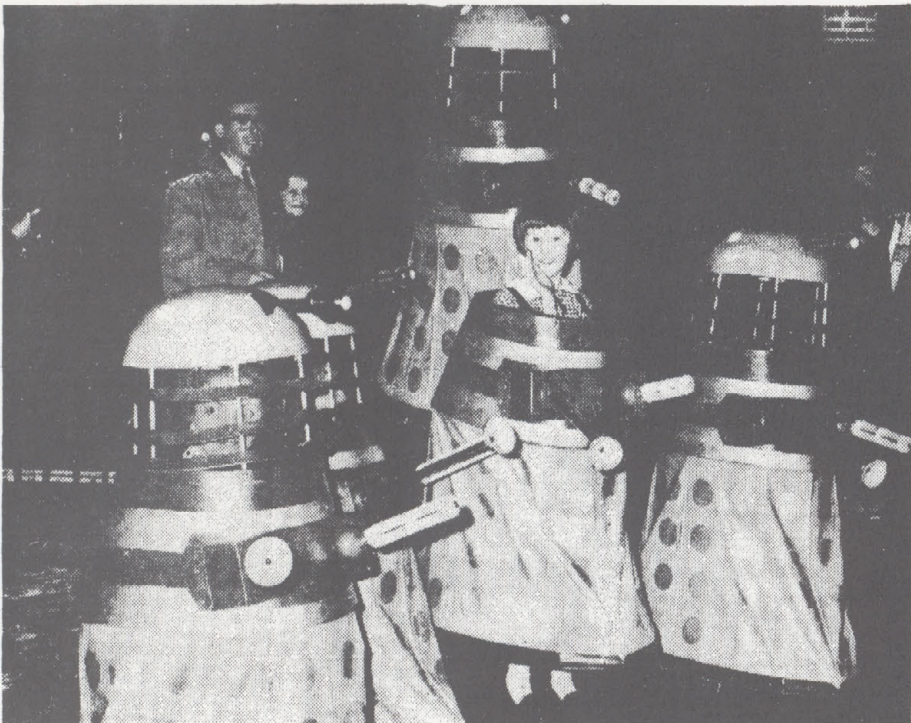
**IN..THE WINGED MENOPTERA AND ZARBI 'GUN.'
AND—HEADING THE BUS QUEUE—A ZARBI IN PERSON**

Pictures by
Mirror Cameraman
ALISDAIR MACDONALD



Win a Dalek!

THE EXPRESS IS GIVING AWAY 50



MEET

VISION

DAILY MAIL

The Slyther

He came at teatime. Slithering, squelching, growling into our homes after the sports results and Juke Box Jury.

He gave the children a taste of terror. Even fathers had a jolt. And while the family coped with the Saturday toast HE swallowed a man.

He is The Slyther, the new pet of the Daleks in the B.B.C.'s science fiction programme, Dr. Who.

Who made The Slyther slither? Inside the costume was actor Nick Evans.

He says acting The Slyther is "like being inside a boiler suit with its hood and lumpy skin made of rubber and plastic with straggly pieces outside and waggly claws."

Next Saturday The Slyther appears again.

What will it be up to then? Miss Verity Lambert, producer of the show, said: "Its future is undecided." But Nick Evans won't be sorry if it disappears—and quick

He said: "Frankly, it does nothing for my career. And in any case I'm playing a Roman slave trader in the next Dr. Who story."



THE SLYTHER—AS DRAWN BY ACTOR NICK EVANS



DALEK—BY HARO

This is The Slyther's description of himself (by Nick Evans): "Like a large grotesque frog with knobs on."

Vicar has a Dalek in the pulpit

By MICHAEL PARKIN

After being "invaded from outer space" on Christmas Day, the congregation at St Paul's Church, York, is now wondering what fresh sensation to expect at the next family service on January 10.

The rector, curate, and two lay readers have vied with each other to produce startling visual effects to illustrate points in the address at the services. "Invasion from outer space in the year 2004" was the idea of the rector, the Rev. G. Mountain.

He took into the pulpit a model of a Dalek, the mechanised creature from outer space in the BBC television serial "Dr. Who." A choirman crept into the chancel to send a toy spaceman walking down the aisle towards the congregation, and a toy spaceship held by the rector "made a lovely whirring noise."

'You must obey'

The rector, playing the part of a Dalek, and giving a recognisable imitation of that creature's monotone, said: "You must obey us or we will destroy you." This device, said the rector yesterday, was to point the contrast with "the real invasion from outer space when Jesus came not to destroy the world, but to save mankind."

Congregations at St Paul's have seen the rector in the pulpit lighting brandy on a Christmas pudding ("the light of Christ") and putting crystals into a glass bowl to colour the water black ("sins of mankind"), red ("the blood of Christ"), and white ("God's forgiveness.")

At one harvest festival, he shook seeds from a packet into a plant pot. He then plied a watering can and the congregation saw a flower bloom—before its very eyes, as the saying goes. But all the time it was only the rector, pushing up a plastic flower with a concealed wire.

The lay readers have dressed as Santa Claus ("Christian giving"), laid bricks with mortar on the ledge of the pulpit ("the Church is people, not just bricks and mortar"), taken a live tortoise into church ("I think that one had something to do with being slow but sure"), and have dressed in armour ("soldiers of Christ.")

HOW TO ENTER

CALLING ALL CHILDREN—here's a new, exciting Express contest with 50 wonderful prizes!

Children aged 11 and under have a chance to win a wonderful Christmas present—a Dalek—a replica of the monsters from B.B.C.'s television series "Dr. Who."

Read the instructions below carefully—and a Dalek could be yours on Christmas Day!

TO enter this contest—open to children of 11 years of age and under—this is all you have to do:—

1. Take a plain postcard.
2. Write your name and address and age in BLOCK CAPITALS at the top. Write under it the "pet" name you would give to your own DALEK if you had one.

For example, "DALLY," "TINNY TOMMY," "RUMBLY RON," etc. (these must not be used).

3. Address the postcard to:—

"DALEK,"
Daily Express,
4, Racquet Court,
London, E.C.4.

and post it to reach us not later than next Tuesday, December 15.

RULES

1. THE DALEKS will be awarded to the 50 best and most original names submitted. Age and neatness will be taken into consideration.

2. The Editor's decision will be final.

3. Children related to employees of Beaverbrook Newspapers are not allowed to enter.

DAILY SKETCH, Thursday, January 14, 1965

Dalek beaches

Nearly 40 huts shaped like TV Daleks have been bought by Bournemouth Council for swimmers who are too shy to change on the beaches.

DAILY MAIL

BBC plans to bring the Daleks back to life

By DOUGLAS MARLBOROUGH

THE Daleks are coming back. Those mechanical monsters from outer space who were killed off in B.E.C. TV's *Dr. Who* science fiction series last month are being brought back to life.

The reason? Viewers miss them. Children have written by the score to the B.B.C. saying they miss the Daleks dialect—they spoke in monosyllables.

Producer Verity Lambert said last night: "We didn't intend to bring the Daleks back but we have changed our minds because of all these requests."

Two Daleks were sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes—but the B.B.C. kept two others.

DAILY MIRROR

THE DALEKS ARE BACK

THE Daleks, those mechanical beings from outer-space with waving antennae and echoing voices, are to return in a new six-part BBC television serial of "Dr. Who," starting on Saturday.

It is based on strange happenings in London in the year 2000.

This time the Daleks will be seen in settings against Westminster Bridge, the Embankment, and Trafalgar-square.

Producer Verity Lambert said: "The creatures will be moving about far more than they did in previous shows."

After the Daleks a new horror—VOORDS

Express Staff Reporter

IT'S a Voord, and it's out of this world. But, watch out, it's on the way with other Voords into a million sitting-rooms.

The Voords will be coming down to earth on Saturday—and the B.B.C. is hoping children will find them as deliciously spine-chilling as the Daleks.

For the Voords are the newest horror from outer space to menace the time explorers of the television serial "Dr. Who."

These black monsters are taking over from the now vanquished Daleks.

CREEPY-CRAWLY

Voords are rubber men from Marinus. They are a willowy 6ft. tall. Their torso resembles a man's.

But they have the heads of enormous beetles—the creepy-crawly things, not Ringo and Co.—and on top of their noses antennae sprout.

All in all, pretty horrible. Now it remains to be seen whether they will be as popular with children as the Daleks.

They have been created by Terry Nation, scriptwriter who made the Daleks, and hidden behind the thick rubber suiting of the first of the new space monsters is actor Martin Cort.



Dr. Who's latest enemy—the power-seeking Voords

THE GUARDIAN

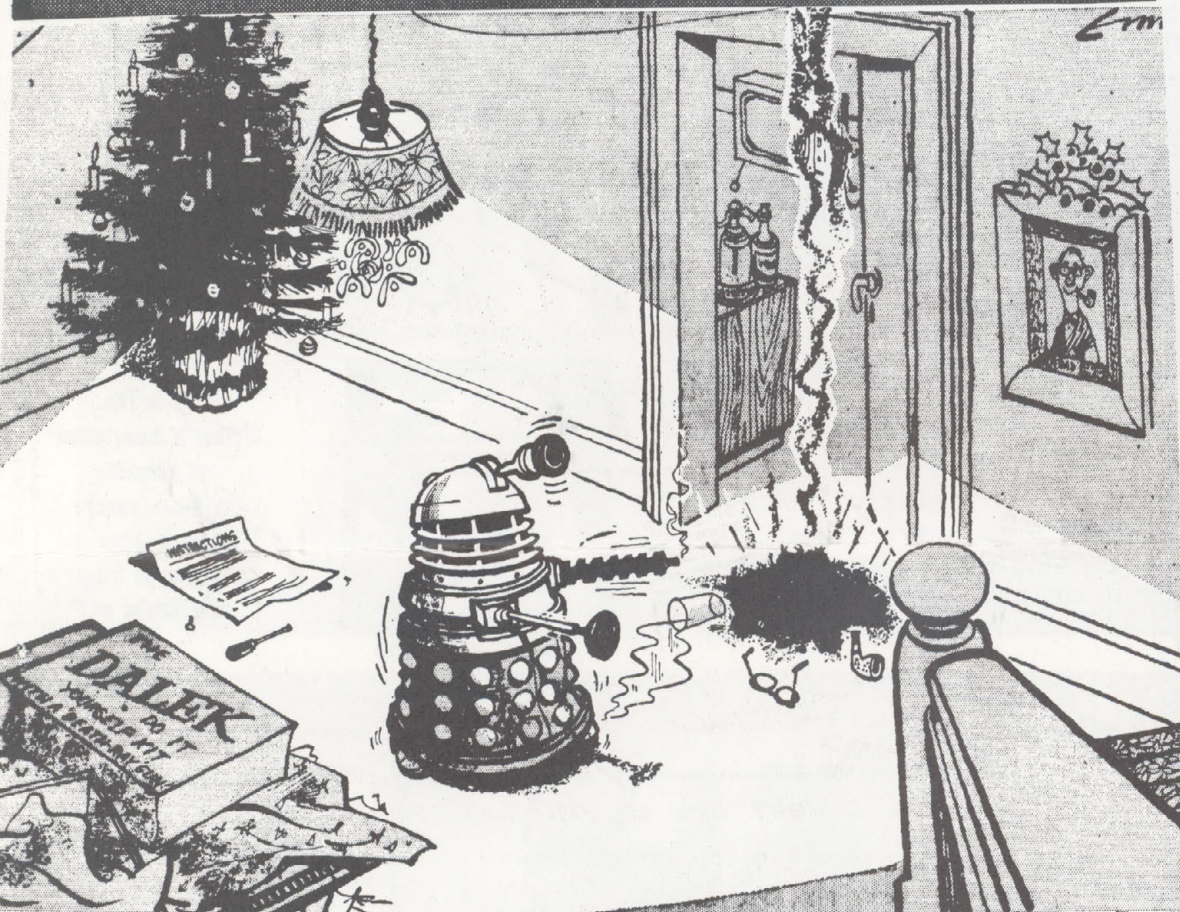
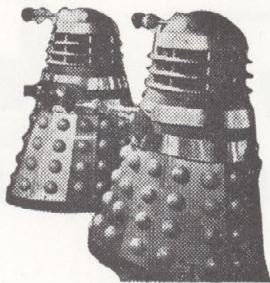
THE TROUBLE WITH BEING 15 IN Dr. WHO and 24 in real life IS THAT SMALL BOYS FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU

AND WRITE LETTERS LIKE THIS

Dear Carol Ann Ford: I hate to say it but you have broken my heart. I thought you were 15, like the girl you play in 'Dr. Who' on television. Now I know you are 24. I thought you were unprotected and needed someone to look after you with all those Daleks

about. (I am 5ft. 4½in. and have grown 1in. since June. I am also third in my class in chemistry and have some interesting ideas about how to fight the Daleks.) Now I know you are married and even have a daughter of four called Miranda (if she's like my

sister, it serves you right). To tell you the truth I'm not sorry you are going to leave 'Dr. Who' in three weeks' time to go into pantomime although I will admit that, without you to watch, Saturday tea will never taste quite the same again. Yours in sorrow, A Schoolboy.



DAILY MAIL

'Mum! It works!—Come and ask Dad!'



EVENING STANDARD

"Now, now, darling—ask again, nicely!"



At home: Carol Ann Ford with daughter Miranda

DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, December 29, 1964

Queue up, said the Daleks

By PAULA JAMES

DALEKS told children: "QUEUE UP, PLEASE" . . . a boy manned a Centurion tank . . . and driverless trains missed collision by inches.

It was all happening yesterday—the first day of the Schoolboys and Girls Exhibition at Olympia, London.

After two hours of touring the 130 wonder-crowded stands, my feet were aching. But my eight-year-old twins had decided that it was the best three shillings' worth in town.

Smashing

So I handed over pencil and paper to them. Their reports follow:

NICHOLAS: "The thing I liked best was the model airport. It was smashing, because the planes really worked, and the pilot let me move them with a huge torch. Instead of a light it had a sound ray."

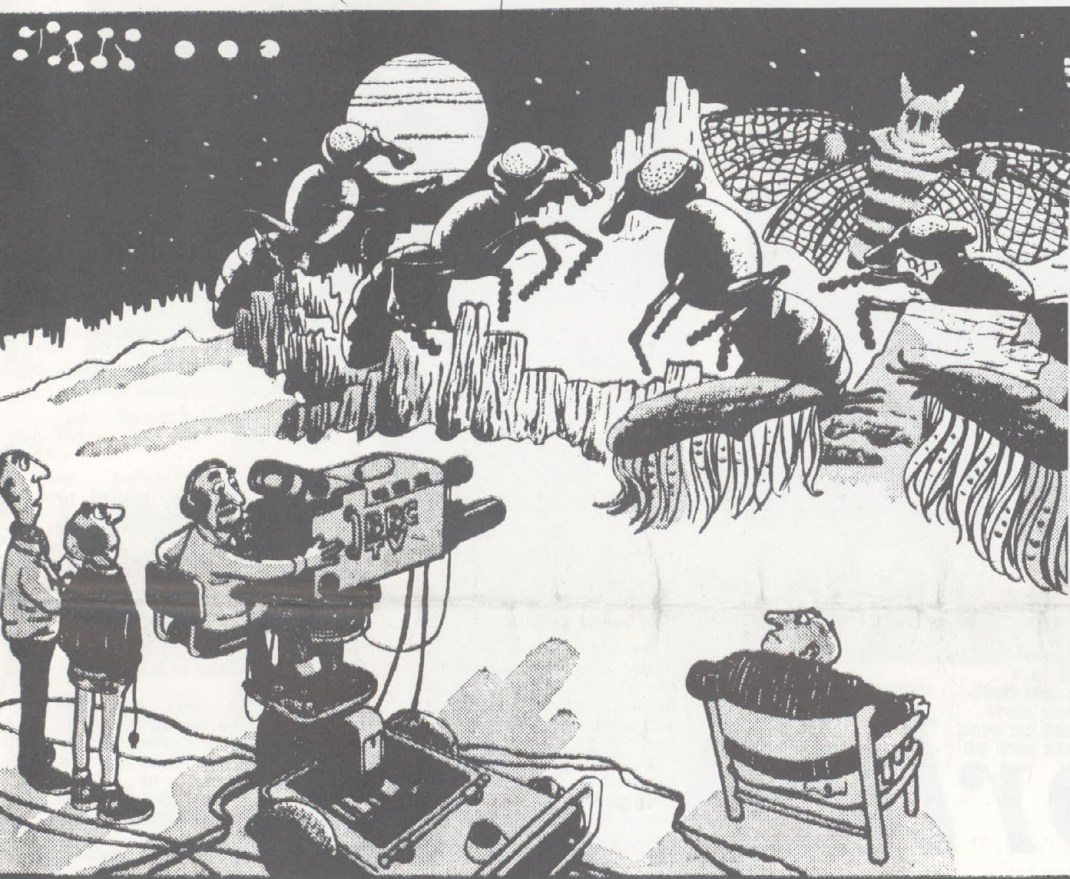
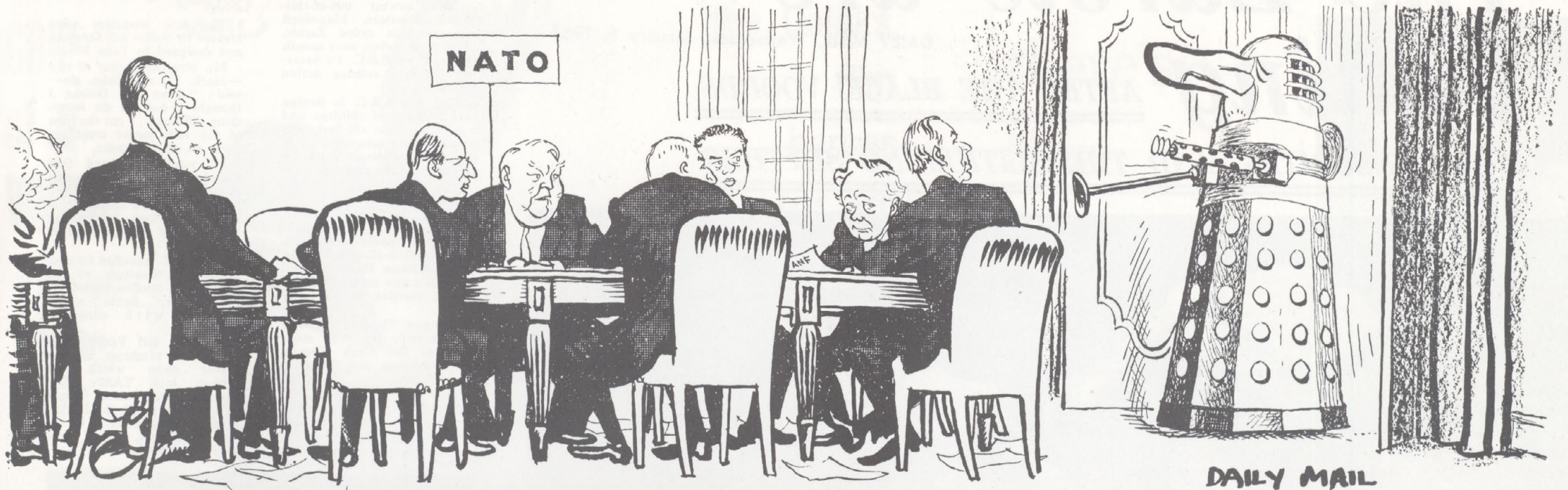
ELIZABETH: "I especially liked the Daleks, but they were bigger than I thought."

"There were lots of children queuing to have a go in the 'Brainy Train'—which does not need a driver—so I think that was the most popular thing."

The exhibition, organised by the Daily Mail, is open from 9.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. daily (except Sunday) until January 9.



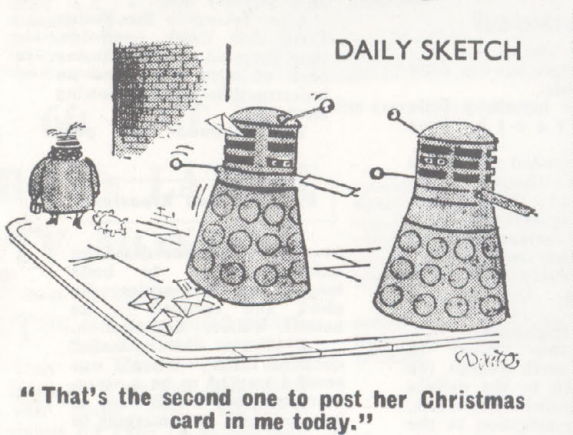
A Dalek at the wayside . . . as twins Nicholas and Elizabeth travel in the remote-control "Brainy Train," at the Schoolboys Exhibition.



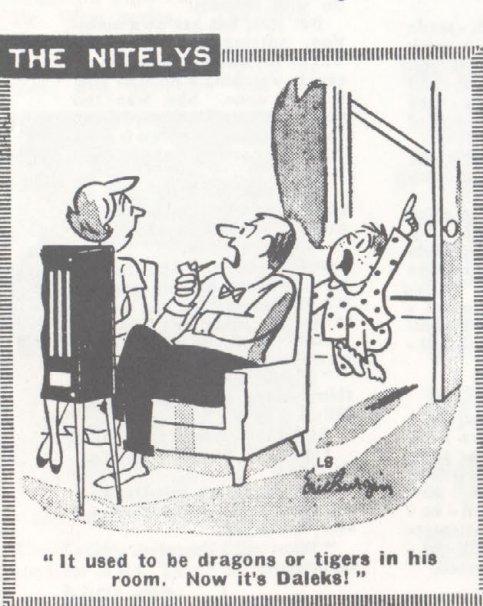
EVENING STANDARD 'The thing on the left just ate Dr. Who!'



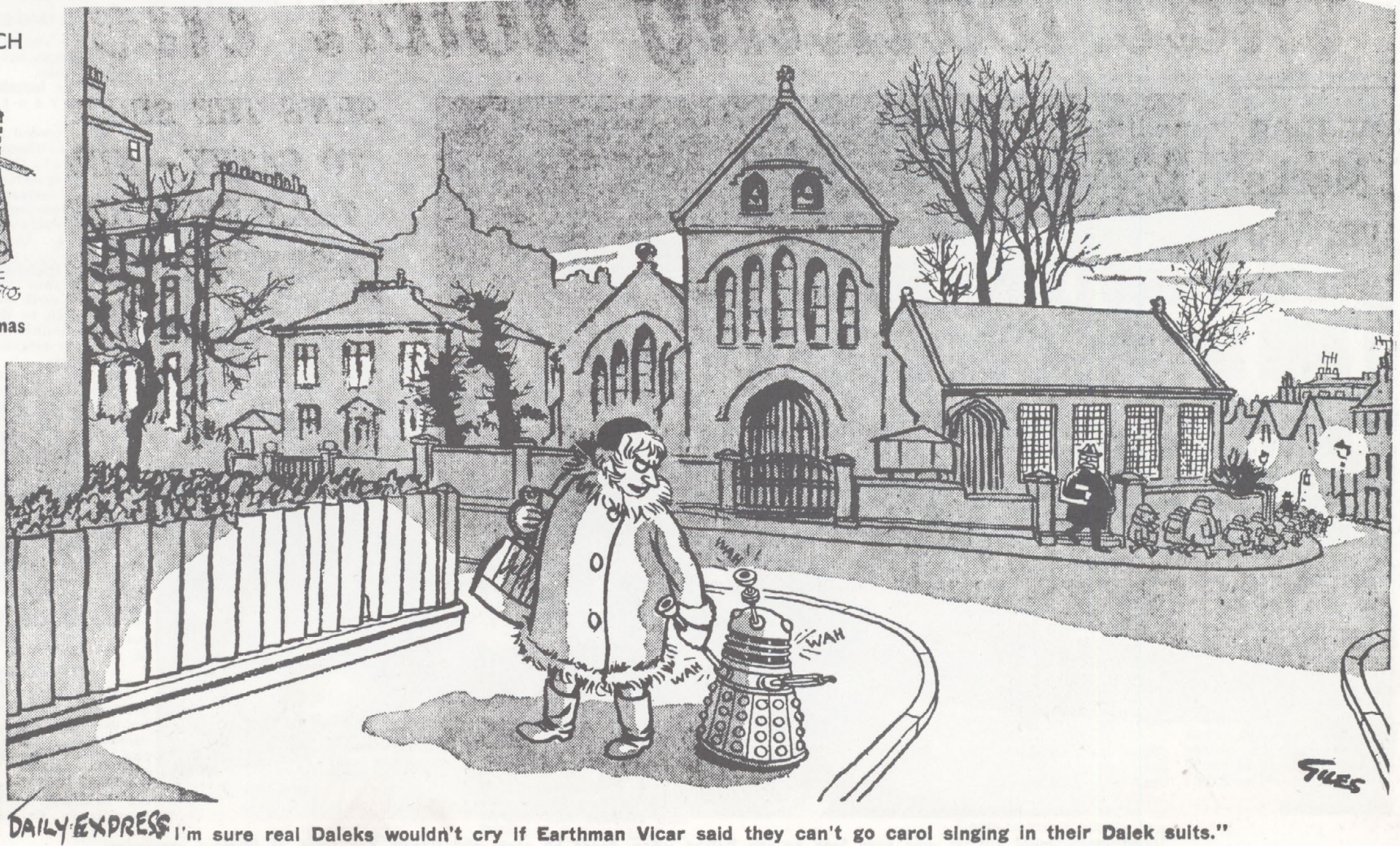
"Hello, the Daleks are stirring up trouble again..."



"That's the second one to post her Christmas card in me today."



"It used to be dragons or tigers in his room. Now it's Daleks!"

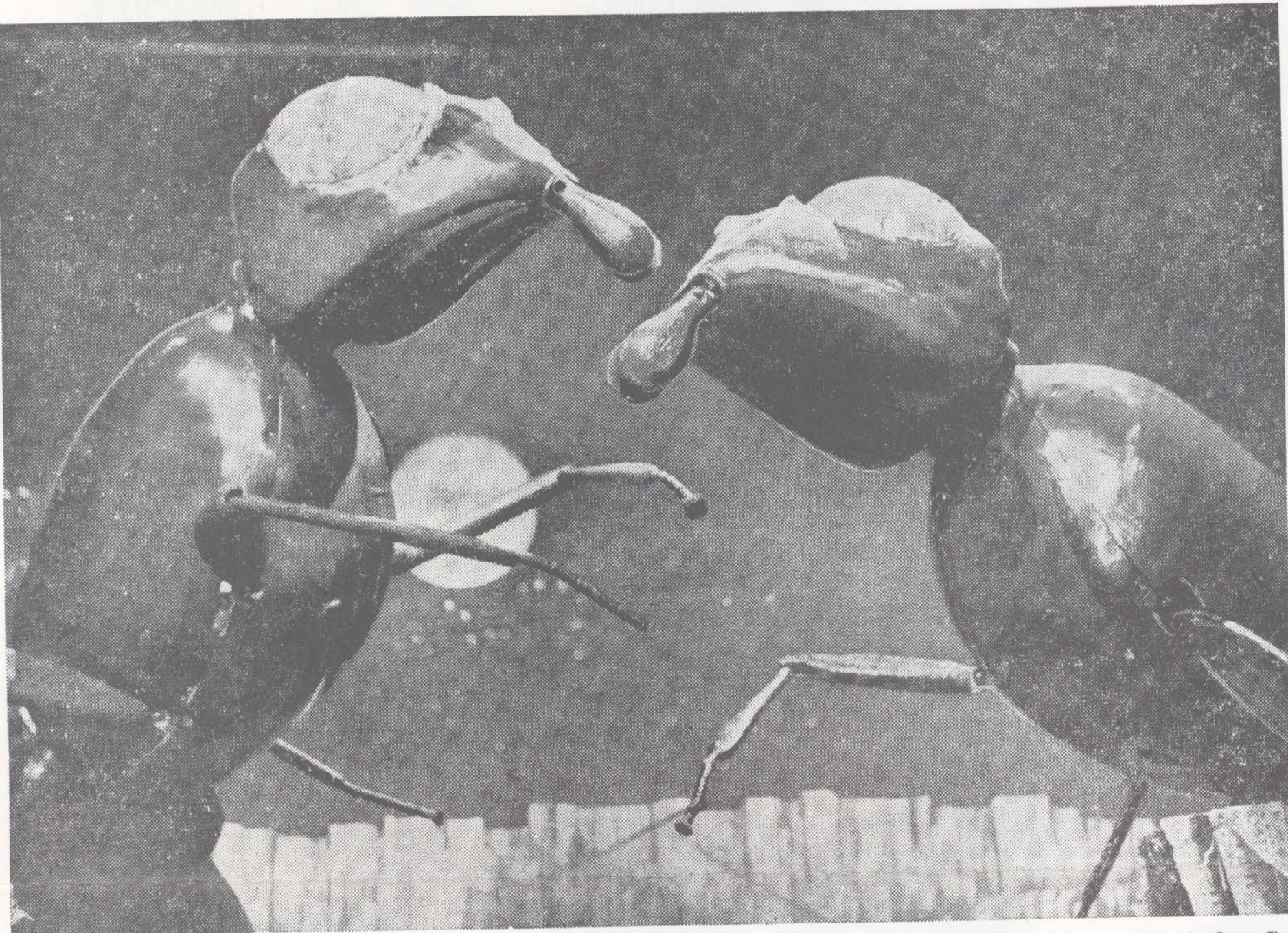


I'm sure real Daleks wouldn't cry if Earthman Vicar said they can't go carol singing in their Dalek suits."

The Zarbis are coming

DAILY MAIL, Wednesday, January 6, 1965

AFTER THE BLACK VOORDS,
THE SENSORITES, AND THE SLITHERING SLYTHER



The dreaded Zarbis, whose giant grubs spit death . . . pictures by George Elam

Out of this world—

THE DALEKS, PLUS THOUSANDS OF EARTH CHILDREN, TAKE CONTROL OF OLYMPIA



If looks could kill, it was hard luck on the Daleks when faced by earth-girl Carole Ann Ford at Olympia yesterday

By DOUGLAS MARLBOROUGH

STAND by for another invasion in millions of homes.

TV's newest out-of-this-world monsters, king-sized ant creatures called Zarbis, make their debut next month in Dr. Who, B.B.C. 1's Saturday tea-time science fiction serial.

And the B.B.C. is hoping that millions of children and not a few adults will find them as deliciously spine-chilling as the robot Daleks, now off the screen until the summer.

The Zarbis make a high-pitched chirping noise like crickets. They terrorise Vortis, a mysterious plain of bubbling acid pools and mists. The space travellers led by Dr. Who (William Hartnell) land there in a new story, The Web Planet, starting on February 13.

The new "baddies" follow such horrific Dr. Who monsters as the black Voords, the Sensorites, and the slithering Slyther.

They have a nasty habit of using giant crawling grubs, or larvæ, as death-spitting cannon.

Their biggest enemies are

the story's "goodies," winged butterfly people named Menoptera who talk and fly. How they fly is a B.B.C. secret.

The new monsters were created by writer Bill Strutton and designed by John Wood.

Mr. Strutton, father of two—Mark, 11, and Julie, six—said: "After the Daleks I thought I had to do something different. I got the idea of the new insect creatures from an encyclopædia."

"I wanted a word that sounded sinister, and one morning my wife suddenly said: 'Why not Zarbis?' I think they look frightening but they are not intended to horrify."

The B.B.C. unveiled its new television monsters at its Ealing film studios yesterday. Under arc lights actors struggled with enormous wings.

Bachelor girl Verity Lambert, who produces the hit family show which has broken into TAM's Top Twenty programme chart, said: "We don't think children will be frightened by the new monsters, but some parents might be."



And one of the Menoptera, who talk and fly

EARTH-GIRL Carole Ann Ford made a journey yesterday, not into space but to a meeting with other earth-girls and earth-boys.

But little did she know that those mech-anical-mon-sters, the Daleks, whom she had helped to annihilate only last Saturday, were there before her, wai-ting. . . .

The breathless encounter took place in the National Hall at Olympia on the first day of the Daily Mail School-boys' and Girls' Exhibition.

Carole was in dire peril, but with all those young earthlings watching her every move she could not retreat.

Crowded

What was she to do? The monsters left her little time to decide.

As Carole herself, a little out of b r e a t h, later described:

"They crowded me into a corner. Even though I kept trying to push them back I was pinned against the wall. "I was screaming and struggling but they held me by the shoulders with their sucker arms. Then finally I got free."

"It was frightening." Having thus failed to destroy the earth woman, the Daleks, much to the delight of the enthralled spectators, turned their attention to the Brainy Train.

This is an earth-made device which runs on a track with no rails, no signals and no driver. If no one had heard of the Daleks they would have said it was out of this world.

We regret to say that the Daleks won their fight with this robot marvel.

The battle began soon after the exhibition opened. By mid-afternoon they were able to crowd to gaping youngsters lining the barriers: "The-Daleks - are - in - control - of - these - trains. We - command - whether - they - will - go - or - stop."

Invested

And to some of the more obstreperous passengers leaning over the side of the train carriages to grab at the Daleks and touch them: "No - disorderly - conduct - will - be - tolerated. Anyone - attempting - to - stop - us - will - be - immediately disintegrated."

Which left the Daleks in control—of the Brainy Train, at least.

But there were other things to see, more down-to-earth maybe, but still compelling.

And the children, doubtless acting on the advice "If you can't beat 'em, ignore 'em," left the Daleks to it and went wandering.

Like six year-old Julie Hilton, who amid the electronic wizardry, remote control airfields, junior fashion shows, contests of infinite variety and the bustling crowds, steadfastly pursued an ambition.

Julie, seven next month, wants to be a nurse. She and her brother, Billy, 13 in July, had come from Hammersmith on a mid-day bus.

After taking in the Brainy Train and Dalek overlords, they invested in a confusing pack of trick cards and an indestructible bubble blowing outfit.

They chewed their pens

By Daily Mail Reporter

over a police crime detection quiz, competed to hoist boards into slots against the clock and enrolled in an animal welfare organisation.

"I always like animals," confided Billy. "When I was small I wanted to be a veterinary surgeon. I still want to be a zoologist or something to do with animals."

But Julie has her own ambition, nursing. So there she was at the nursing recruitment centre watching a little of how it was done. She was too young, the officer explained, to be enrolled. No body started nursing until they were 18.

She was a little shy of confessing why she had picked nursing but Billy had her

answer ready: "She thinks it's a way of helping people. It's just something she wants to do," he said.

And hand in hand they went towards the exit.

"We've done most everything there is to do," said Billy.

And there was plenty. There will be more fun today.

And remember the Daleks. As one of their spokesmen said last night:

"We - will - destroy - you - earth-men."

December 29, 1964



IS THERE A DALEK IN YOUR HOME

MANY MILLIONS OF DALEKS
ARE AT LARGE IN THE BRITISH
ISLES TO-DAY.

THOUSANDS MORE WILL SHORTLY
INVADE AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW
ZEALAND, CANADA AND OTHER COUNTRIES
ALL OVER THE WORLD.

AND THE INVASION IS SPREADING
OTHER CREATURES FROM BBC-TV'S
DR.WHO SERIES ARE ON THEIR WAY.

HAVE YOU A DALEK OR ANY
OTHER WHORRORS IN YOUR HOME?

LOOK VERY CAREFULLY, FOR
THEY COME IN MANY FORMS (SEE
OVER PAGE FOR SHORTLIST).

PLASTIC BADGES

DALEK SUITS OF VARIOUS SIZES

INFLATABLE BEACH DALEKS

BATTERY OPERATED DALEKS

DALEK SOAP

CHILDRENS SLIPPERS WITH DALEK DESIGN

DR. WHO JIGSAW PUZZLES

MAKE-YOUR-OWN DALEK CONSTRUCTION KIT

DALEK TOYS IN FOAM RUBBER

POLYTHENE DALEKS

DALEK COLOURING AND STENCIL OUTFITS

COLOUR SLIDES OF DALEKS AND OTHER

DR. WHO CREATURES

DALEK MASKS

CLOCKWORK DALEKS

FRICTION OPERATED DALEKS

DALEK BALLOONS

DR. WHO TRANSFERS

DALEK CARD GAME

DALEK SHAPED BISCUIT TIN

DR. WHO BAGATELLE

PAINT A DALEK BY NUMBERS

MAKE YOUR OWN DALEK FROM PLASTER MOULDS

DALEK WRITING PADS

DALEK PYJAMAS

COULD BE YOU WANT TO GET

RID OF YOUR DALEK? IF SO A

GENUINE ANTI-DALEK BAZOOKA GUN

IS ON THE MARKET.

A SHUDDER OF MONSTERS FROM THE DR WHO SERIES

VOORD

SENSORITES

MENOPTERA

KOQUILLION

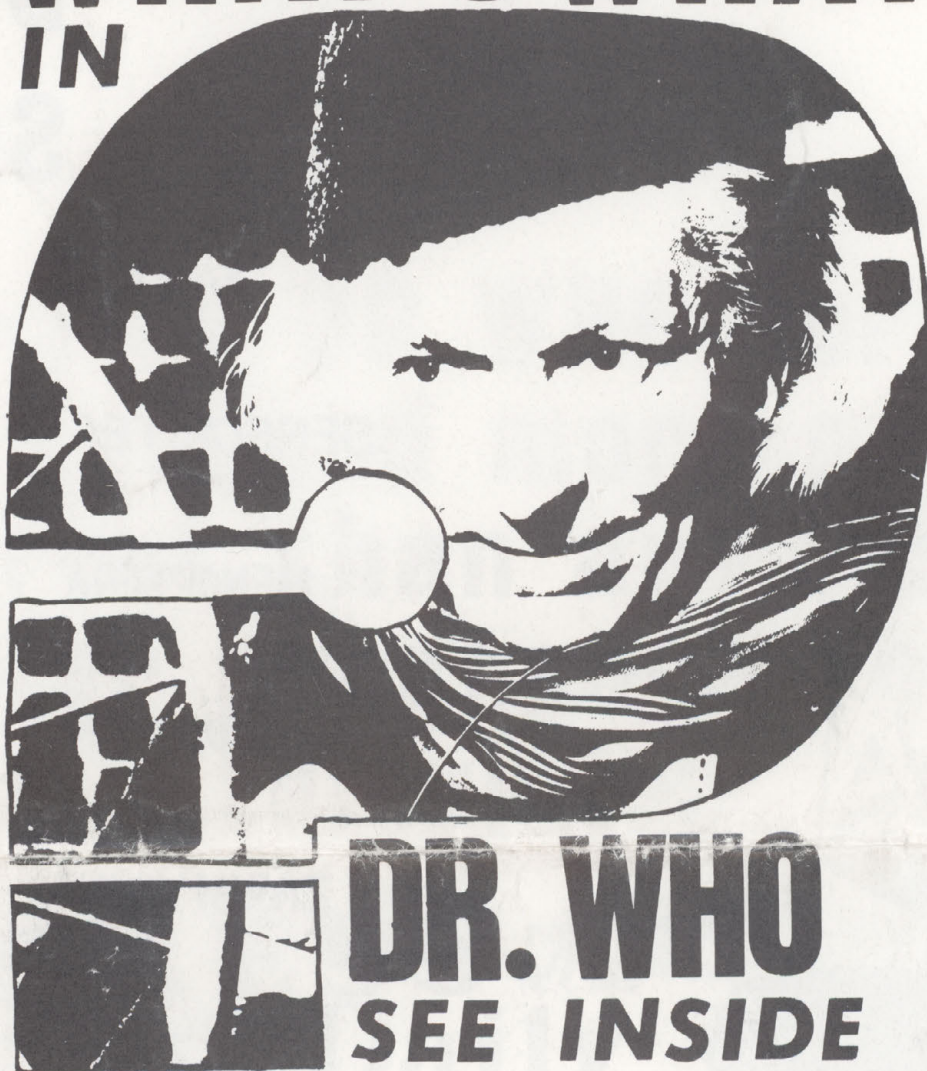
ZARBI'GUN'

ZARBI

SLYTHER



FOR WHAT'SWHAT IN



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